



A NEW SONG,

Entitled and call'd

*Great News in the ST. JAMES'S
CHRONICLE; or the Paper of Papers.*

To the Tune of, *Nancy Dawson.*

OF all the Papers in the Town,
The Brown, the White, the Whity-brown,
Which News-Men carry up and down,
There's none like the *St. James's*.
If Wit and Humour we would chuse,
And have the best and earliest News,
In Town or Country who'd refuse
To take in the *St. James's*.

What's in the *London Evening Post*?
Their Stars and Dashes all are lost,
No smart Italics now they boast,
But yield to the *St. James's*.
And what is in the *General*?
Why Faith there's nothing in't at all,
But both the *General* and *Whitehall*
Must yield to the *St. James's*.

To praise the *London Chronicle*
In me would seem Ironical;
The News-Paper that bears the Bell
From all is the *St. James's*.
It is the best of all by half;
And many a curious Paragraph,
And many a Thing to make you laugh
You'll find in the *St. James's*.

*Note, The ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE is Printed
and Sold by H. Baldwin, at the Britannia Printing-Office
in White-Fryars, Fleet-street; by whom Ladies and Gentle-
men may be regularly served; or by giving Notice to either
of the News-Carriers, it will be delivered at any Part of the
Town, or the Villages adjacent.*